

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Limitation In Search For Truth

Point of View Regulates
Man's Power to See Aright.
Sympathies Check Ab-
solute Verity.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

HERE'S going to be a new daily newspaper in New York—maybe. That paper is going to print the plain truth, and nothing but the plain truth, so say the five men who have decided to publish the paper. But first, I would like to ask these five hopeful gentlemen how, when, where, and by what means they intend to get the truth and nothing but the plain truth before they publish it? Did you ever get the truth of a story yourself, Mr. Good-man? Even when you were there and saw it happen? Every word of the truth, all the ins and outs, and the ends and buts, and the maybes and perhappes that make the real truth of every real story in the world? I never did, and I've tried to, and tried hard and tried conscientiously, time and time and time and again. Two great companies are fighting to control the water for a great city. You are sent to write the story of that fight. Find out how it started, if you can. Six men will tell you one story and six will tell you another, and twelve women will tell you something absolutely different from either of them. Which is true? No, they were not lying, all of them. Some of them were not even consciously twisting the truth ever so little, but nine out of ten people don't know the truth when they see it, and can't tell it when they do know it. Did you ever see an artist paint a picture? He arranges his canvas, gets his point of view, takes up his palette and begins to sketch. Does he paint the whole scene within range of his eye, or does he leave out the north end of the garden entirely and focus everything upon a certain angle of the old vine-covered wall? Stop, Mr. Artist! There's a tin can there at the foot of the wall. Why don't you put it into the picture? It's there, isn't it? Don't you want your picture to be true? And I'd like, if you please, the whole garden, not just a corner of it. Talk that way to the artist and he will put his brushes into his box and leave you alone in your garden, without any picture of it from him.

Who Can Tell It?

The point of view—that is the first thing to get when you're going to write a newspaper story. A column is a column, and it will only hold so many words, no matter what the story is, or whose life or ambition depends upon it. You must take a certain point of view and use the facts that you can get and fit them in to that story from that point of view. And six out of ten of the people who are concerned in the story will tell you that not a word of it is true, because you didn't happen to take their point of view. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Oh, if we could only tell it over, anywhere, in the newspapers or out of them! I never hear man dismiss an article of news by calling it a newspaper story, and ending it that way, without wondering if he could possibly go out and get that very story and write it in three times the time the man who wrote it did get it and write it, and get one-fifth as much absolute accuracy into it as it had. The average editor of the average newspaper wants two-thirds of every dollar he ever expects to have in the bank, or out of it, to get the absolute truth about things first into his own head and then into his own paper. He can't get it, not only because he is human and the reporters who work for him are human and have human limitations, but because the truth concerns itself also with the affairs of mere human beings. I have known, I suppose, hundreds of newspaper reporters, from one end of the world to the other, and I never knew one who deliberately twisted his news to make any sort of lasting success anywhere. Do you? The truth? Who knows it? Do you? Let's see your Mirror of Truth, gentlemen of the dispassionate heart! I am anxious to find out how you think you're going to manage it.

Seen In The Shops

By THE SHOPPER.

HERE are so many useful and ornamental conveniences for traveling these days that one is tempted to travel merely as an excuse to use them. For the man who has to rush off on the hurried business trip, one of the shops is showing an attractive glass flask which holds a silver stopper. This fits compactly into a glass of about the same size as the flask, and the whole is enclosed in a neat little case of either tan or black leather. There are also cases for talcum powder and handkerchiefs to keep clean, rooms from losing all their bristles. These may be had in either tan, black, old rose, or green leather. Attached to one of the "knitting spoons" of our childhood is a large, empty looking ball of light blue yarn, which is literally begging to be explored. The little verse explains exactly what should be done. Out of this ball if you will knit. Some toys will fall from the "fairies' kit." It is a gift that should make any child happy as it will keep her interest aroused until the very last minute. As she knits the yarn unravels and she discovers all manner of interesting toys. It is very reasonably priced at one of the F street shops. Telephone Main 5280 and ask "The Shopper" for information giving the names of shops which carry the articles referred to in this column. Mail inquiries should be enclosed with a stamped, addressed envelope or postal card for reply.

Lubowska the Startling Explains Symbolism Behind Mystic Egyptian Dance of Death Borrowed From Early Pharaohs



MME. LUBOWSKA.

In several poses of her Egyptian Dance of Death.

"My Dance Is a Language Told By the Fingers; It Is a Worship of Death As Expressed By Vestal Virgins In Civilization's Days," Says Dancer-Psychologist.

"NOW, you must understand. This is not an Egyptian dance—not as they dance it today. The Egyptian dance of today is decadent—that is the right word, is it not, misanthrope? Mine is my own; but it is the dance that the how shall I say it?—the vestal virgins of old Egypt did when kings and queens died. That is very important, the kings and queens, for this dance was used only at the funeral of a person of royal blood. And my dance is as nearly perfect as is possible."

younger than she appears on the stage, she was so interested in her Egyptology that she scarcely appeared to be aware of the clothes that were so conspicuous by their absence. The costume for the gavotte is just what the name would imply, but as she gestured to bring out her points one forgot the blue sticking plaster on her face, the rouged spots on her face, and her most alarming wig, and visualized her in her Egyptian costume, saw her just as if she had stepped down from the wall of some Egyptian tomb. Dance As Language. "In my preparation for this dance," she continued in the English that betrayed her Continental blood, "I paid no attention to the modern Egyptian dances. They are

not real. But I went to Egypt and I studied the color, the atmosphere, the psychology of the country. That is the only way to feel the old Egypt—except for books. Egypt disapproves the martini person—such cannot grasp the real meaning of the country—but if you do really FEEL it, then you understand. "This dance, my dance of mourning, is a language. It is made of hundreds of sentences—told by the fingers. The rest is symbolism. You know how the dancers' fingers in Egypt used always to be painted red. That was to emphasize the movements. "Take my dance. I spread out my arms, so, my fingers pointed upward; and spread and spread and spread. That was the wings of the king, extending out over all his people to the farthest of his dominions. Then, slowly, as I dance, my hands come down, my arms are drawn in, and they resume this upright position; it is death, shivering the wings of the king. The whole thing is symbolism, by flow of movement.

Worship of Death.

"You see, it is a worship of death—and that is the reason why the modern dance falls short. The Egyptian has lost his wonderful religion and the maidens cannot understand. It is only who can grasp what is beneath the heathen rites who can really dance this with true feeling. "The vestal virgins of thousands of years ago had death inside of them, it was that asserting itself, just as the whirling dervish of today thinks he has heaven in his head—and therefore whirls. "Yes, this is very much a religious rite. All religions have their dances. Today, we have only left the swinging of the incense pot, but it is an evolution from this dance of mine—this dance, as far as I can find, known in civilization. "There are many things of that sort here. The people don't realize

it—your priest would be, oh so shocked, if you suggested that he was borrowing from the rites of the Pharaohs—but he is, and so is nearly everyone else.

Music Is Lacking.

"I was in a little restaurant the other day—a very modern restaurant, with very modern decoration. Something about the general scheme of the place struck me, and I began to think. Then, quickly, just like that, it struck me; the design was ancient Egyptian. I asked the architect, whom I happened to meet some time later, what he had tried to symbolize in the design, but he didn't know. And he wouldn't have understood if I had told him."

helping her into the strange satire on modern dress that she wears for the Gavotte Grotesque, but even its ultra-modern, or, more properly, ultra-futuristic, folds failed to bring her back out of the land of ruins of today, of yesterday's glory. "There is only one trouble," she sighed, shivering as a gust of cold air blew in from the party-opened door. "I can't get the music. There was something strange and wonderful about the Egyptian dirge, to which this must have been danced, but the modern instruments can't reach it. I've tried and tried—but the music is always modern. Some day I shall solve the problem—and then I shall dance."

Making the Winter Salad

Some Refreshing Combinations Suggested
As Appetizers and Culinary Delights.

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

THE purpose of all salads is to act like "brooms" and nature's scouring soap upon the system. They are served cold, as opposed to most of our hot foods, they are dressed with cooling oil and piquant vinegar and thus are entirely different from vegetables served hot and even with warm sauces.

"But what shall I have for salads in winter?" asks the housewife. Many common vegetables which are usually served with a cream dressing or other sauce can be made into a salad by the simple act of serving cold with a real salad dressing. Such are the humble carrot, the plebeian beet and the still more vulgar cabbage. Even the turnip and delicate oyster plant can be boiled in a little water, cooled and served with the regular French dressing. How many have tried a salad of oyster plants cool, with plenty of vinegar and a dash of mustard? Has some one turned up his nose at finely shredded cabbage with a real cold salad dressing? Who has found distasteful a salad made from leeks boiled and served with a piquant oil, vinegar dressing? Celery combined with both vegetables and fruits is really the lettuce of winter. Its crisp stalks and flavor harmonize with such vegetables as cabbage and carrot, or combine with dried fruit and nut into a salad royale. Fruit salads, too, are just as possible in winter as in summer, and here we have the grapefruit, queen of all citrus fruits, the orange, the firm winter apple, and the great array of California grapes combined with cream or Neuchâtel cheese, with walnuts, oranges and grapefruit. If we wish to use canned foods, there are any number of possibilities for salad making. Tender green stringbeans, small pickled onions, the delightful pinetops and asparagus green and white, all blend to cool service and dressing. A half-can of cherries can be covered with oil and vinegar as well as used with a desert. Canned pears, cream cheese and walnut meat make an

ambrosial salad, while circles of canned pineapple similarly used, will give that delicious sweet salad taste so necessary in almost every meal. The corpulent Bermuda onion is sufficient for a wholesome appetizer. There are Brussels sprouts, too, in season, and a most refreshing salad is recalled of grated raw rutabaga and shredded cabbage.

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Answers To Health Questions

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

(Copyright, 1915, Newspaper Feature Service.)
J. M.—Will you please tell me what will keep the bowels active?
Take as much active outdoor exercise as is possible, sleep ten hours in the twenty-four, in a well-ventilated room, or preferably on a porch, eat fresh green vegetables, such as spinach, carrots, rice, young peas, water cress, vegetables with salad oil, oatmeal, cereal prunes, stewed pears, prune juice, baked sour apples, and drink two glasses of distilled water one-half an hour before each meal. Take a tablespoonful of milk of magnesia before meals, and six charcoal tablets after meals.

M. G. Y.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for my hair, which gets very dry soon after washing? I flow after should the hair be washed? I. What kind of soap do you advise one to use to wash the hair? A. Do you think the removing of adenoids causes one to become brighter and feel better? 5. With the removal of adenoids it causes one to feel very self-conscious?

Apply three times a week to the scalp the following: Glycerine, 4 drams; benzoil, 1 dram; distilled water, 1 ounce. 2. About once or twice a month. 3. Castile soap or any neutral soap. 4. It does in most cases. 5. Why, no; not as a rule.

C. P. P.—After having trouble with a tooth, I notice a very disagreeable taste in my mouth and one nostril is entirely closed. What do you recommend?

Have the turbinate bones of the nose compressed, the tonsils and adenoids removed, and avoid constipation.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:
1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.



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